

9-22-1945

1945-09-22 Alfred P. Maurice Letter to Dolores Robson

Alfred P. Maurice, 1921-

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.wou.edu/mauriceletters_philippines

Recommended Citation

Maurice, 1921-, Alfred P., "1945-09-22 Alfred P. Maurice Letter to Dolores Robson" (1945). *1945-07-01 to 1945-11-13: Philippines*. 35.
https://digitalcommons.wou.edu/mauriceletters_philippines/35

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the Alfred P. Maurice WWII Correspondence at Digital Commons@WOU. It has been accepted for inclusion in 1945-07-01 to 1945-11-13: Philippines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons@WOU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@wou.edu.

Saturday 22 September 1945
HQ 14th aa Command
APO 75, Tinsco.

(18)

Bunny Darling;

I got a letter from you today. It was very nice to get another. It only took this one nice day to get here. That is good time because they have been taking almost two weeks. There is one in between that I did not receive though. I'll probably get that tomorrow I hope.

Your shoes, and the luncheon set are now on their way to you Henry. You won't be able to wear the shoes this summer. I think they'd probably make good beach shoes, I'm not sure though. The set we can always use. Mac tells me that the cloth is made of pineapple fibers and that it is woven under water. I had heard of some cloth which was made this way but I didn't know it was Baguio cloth. See all the trouble the people had to go to just to make that cloth. It is supposed to be very durable. The mail clerk and I are not on very good terms now. I gave him the packages to mail and gave him \$8.00 with which to mail them. When I went back for my change he very conveniently suffered a lapse of memory and couldn't remember my giving him the packages, so he couldn't see how I could expect him to give me back any change. There's not a damned thing I can do about it either. He is a feik with a capital J. He really is.

Darling, I'm terribly sorry about my mistake in calling Mom Robson "Mom Tillson". I can tell you just how it probably came about. You see I have always been afraid of doing that because I had been so used to speaking of Mom Tillson. Just because I am so conscious of the fact that I may make a mistake I think that I do make

the mistake. I can assure you that I do not make the mistake because of any hidden and deep-rooted love for Mrs. Tillson or her daughter. I love you, only you, and always you. The love I once had for them has been thoroughly eclipsed by my love for you. My love for you is so very great my Darling that there is no comparison. ~~the~~ Now please don't ever entertain any such ideas as that I may ever love anyone more or even love anyone (period) except you.

Now that you mention the fact, I do remember the dress you wore in that picture on the front doorstep. I thought it looked familiar but couldn't remember just when you could have worn it. It all comes back to me now.

Although I do not care for the technique W.E. Hill uses in his cartoons, I did enjoy the cartoon you sent me on the new civilian. I hope I do not find myself in the predicament of the guy who was laid hit by the underwear shortage. And I know that I shan't find you looking like the gal who acquired all the avoidupois. The photos you send me assure me that you are neither stouter nor thinner, but that you are your own perfect and beautiful self. Just remain as always, just for me my Darling.

The nightgowns and negligee you mentioned in your letter sound very nice. Tell me, did your mother decide that you should buy the satin for a nightgown? You would look very nice in a nice satin nightgown with a marguerite negligee, you'd look nice in anything - or nothing. Make a sketch of the proposed plan of the nightgown won't you. I want to know just how to plan my scheme of attack for the best results.

3

nightgowns fascinate me, especially when you are in them. I wish all there was between us now was a nightgown, instead of the thousands of miles which are now between us. A nightgown would be a much less formidable obstacle. I'm sure I could find a way to get inside that, and inside what is inside that, which is really what I want to be inside more than I want anything else. Would you help me Darling. It would be much easier with your coöperation.

I'm sure we shall be able to find a ring to match the engagement ring. The place we bought the engagement ring from will surely carry them. I think it would be much nicer if they matched.

That collection of Contemporary American Paintings sounds quite nice. You probably have some of my favorites in there. Thomas Benton, Grant Wood, Covarrubias, and Peter Hurd. Are the pictures colored or not?

I have good news for you. I'm getting to be quite a chess shark. I beat Mac two out of three games today. In one game I won with only five moves. I was rather proud of that. Of course I did really throw away the second game we played. The more I play the game, the better I like it. It is very interesting. Checkers is very drab and I had always thought that chess would be the same. I was pleasantly surprised.

Tell me, how did you make out on covering Sue's bassinet? It's a good thing your getting practice against the day when you shall be covering ours. Every time I think of you becoming a mother I grow somewhat alarmed. Somehow or other I can't picture you carrying a child inside you. You look so very small as it is Honey, and so young. You will make a wonderful

mother though Sweetheart. Speaking of motherhood, and just by way of satisfying my curiosity, how do you feel about breast feeding of babies? Do you belong to the breast feeding school of thought, or do you believe in the bottle? Did I ever tell you that you have beautiful breasts Darling? You know you know. They are not too large or too small and stand out quite nicely. They are very curvaceous. They are so nice and soft. I wish I had my head cradled on them right now Sweetheart. My eyes are getting rather heavy and they would make the most wonderful pillow I could have on which to rest my head, with my cheek against the soft smoothness of them. Since I do not have them here, I shall have to be content with the jacket which I use as a pillow, and shall have to take my leave of you now to go to sleep. I hope I dream of you tonight so I can be with you for a little while at least. I love you my Darling and shall always be wholly and completely

Yours Alone.

Freddie